

KALAKAUA AT HOME.

OLD AND NEW TIMES IN HAWAII.—
TO THE KING AFTER HIS LONG TOUR—
THE ISLANDS AS THEY WERE AND AS THEY ARE—
NOW—A LIFE OF POETRY AND BEAMS
PLANTED BY THE PRACTICAL ACTIVITIES OF
CIVILIZATION.

(From an occasional correspondent of the Tribune.)

HONOLULU, Nov. 27.—After long years I return again to the isolated land whose mystic life infatuated me in my youth. It is nine years since I last visited those isles. Then I had embarked with an adventurous crew on a voyage of speculation among the reef-bound constellations of the South Pacific. We tripped another one dismal day and went out with the tide. San Francisco was dreared with fog. Feeling our way in the grey chaos of mist that shrouded the Golden Gate, we rolled into the teeth of a gale that had apparently been lying in wait for us. We were a mere morsel for such monstrous greed, but a steamer came, and for five and twenty days we quivered between life and death in a black and quavering sea. When we got our reckoning, the first since leaving port, we were away up in the vicinity of Japan. In the twilight of the thirty-third day, we set foot on shore at Honolulu, where I northward deserted. The voyage was completed three weeks ago by a bark not a year old in eight days and seventeen hours, but on the other hand our schooner was antiquated, and had been a vagabond all her days. At his present writing we have accomplished the passage in exactly seven days. The steamer left San Francisco on time, not often the case, as she is bound to await the arrival of the English mail, and as we landed King Kalakaua on board, the captain, who was not sparing of fuel in conjunction with that indolent individual Old Robobulus, managed to run me into port about thirty-six hours before the several committees on the Royal Reception were ready to receive his Majesty. This we knew nothing of, consequently when we sighted the blue peaks of Molokai under the lone shadows of Molokai, whether the unhappy lepers are banished for life, and then made for Koko Head, and Oahu, be it end which lay our harbor, we clicked glasses with the King and the congratulations were mutual and profuse.

Near port, skirting the palm-fringed shore, we watched the tawny bluffs where the sea broke bravely and scattered its spray like snow; the long ribbons of dazzling beach; the small grassy hills at intervals, with here and there a tiny white church and a pointed spire, looking very much like toys. The dullest possible people riding the littlest possible beasts caressed along the slumber of their King to the Capital to welcome the returning King. They seemed to be hastening mechanically, while pearly clouds shoot out brief showers and unfurled bright rainbows, one after another, and passed onward into the vast silence. A sail or two rocked on the sparkling sea, changing the light and shade with every tack. It was very like one of those German pictorial clocks, whose pinwheels live out their mimic lives long after the dust of the inventor has blossomed and gone to seed. Meanwhile King Kalakaua was watching the tiny kingdom that had been a few hours before risen from the sea, as it were. He knew every root of it; it was his, although he didn't make it, nor have anything to do with the making of it; but he was born in the image of those who peopled it; it when the valleys rang with heroic traditions. He has the ingenuousness, the cordial frankness, the delightful unscrupulousness, of his race. It is born in the bone, and the towns of forty worlds could not educate him out of it. He shows less of it than the majority of his people, knowing well how to disguise it. He even affects Bohemianism to a degree, and remarked to Kocherl that he was the only republican in his kingdom, meanwhile having said to me that what the citizens of the United States are not of an emperor, and that the United States must become an empire. He has "run with the machine," and risen to the dignity of foreman. Once he edited a paper, in his native tongue, that flourished under the mouth-filling title of *Hoku ka Pakika Star of the Pacific*. But this was in the halcyon days of adolescence, before he had dreamt of the thronos and of circumnavigation. His Queen, with pathetic and patriotic pride, refuses to utter one word of English, although she is acquainted with the language. She invariably replies in her own tongue, thus often making the services of an interpreter indispensable.

As we approached Oahu, we saw smoke signals ascending; the flimsy threads floating upward were caught by passing winds and spirited away, beckoning to one another from the hill-tops; and long before we were abreast of the Capital the population was at the water-side to give us a welcome. A scattering cannonade around uncomprehension. Nothing less would have accomplished that end in this drowsy little world. The taste of the Russian it is were quickly named. Punchbowl, an oderator in the rear of the town, blazed away in fine style; all the bells in town rang, and when once shot rolled over the plain. There were the usual addresses of welcome in English and Hawaiian, and a very creditable procession followed the royal leader under triumphal arches and canopies of flags, from the Esplanade to the Palace gate. Words of greeting were embazoned on every hand, chiefly in Hawaiian, such as "Great Love to Kalakaua"; "Return, O King"; "Hawaii is the Best"; "Oh, the Blessed, the Chosen One"; "We are All the King's Own"; "Rest, O King"; etc., etc. The Chinese, whose mission it is to rush in where angels fear to tread, exuded a raucous kahuk, quite as fantastic as anything one could hope to find in spectacular drama. It bore these significant sentiments: "Welcomed by the Children of the Flower Land," and "Hawaii and China have joined hands." The most noticeable feature in the decorations was the resurrection of an ancient symbol of savage road to calied the "Puhau," a low wooden cross supported by a globe and having on each arm a flaming beam. These were planted along the line of the procession at frequent intervals, and were very effective. So also were the illuminations, which though not general—for enthusiasm does not keep long in this climate—were in some cases singularly beautiful. The squat towers of the Roman Catholic Cathedral and the bell tower of the Fire Department were thickly studded with colored lamps, and the mosques by the Niles on the birthdays of the Prophet, are not more picturesque than were these gaudy and twinkling minarets as they sprang from the illuminated graves beneath them.

The day following the King's arrival was the Sabbath, a day of rest according to law, and we consequently rested, on mass. Monday, the arrangements for the royal reception having been completed, the tea was canowed. The procession, the spear-bearing, the songs of welcome, the torch-light procession and the illuminations were all repeated. Perhaps nowhere else could this have been done without a murmur, but people here have so little to amuse or interest them beyond a change in the weather that they were more than equal to the occasion. After this the royal receptions were in order. The natives visited the King many of them bearing offerings of gold or silver, and nearly all of them shaking hands with their sovereign in the most American and democratic fashion.

After long years this is the state in which I find Hawaii. It is much changed, and, doubtless, from a practical point of view, for the better. Honolulu has grown almost out of recognition. The plums, whereof years ago the sun beat relentlessly and the winds caught up the red dust and parched the air, have been planted and watered, and are now covered with groves, where the shady streets are shaded by trim cuttings and the fresh green was won from their old homes in the more sultry town, Waikiki, the Long Branch of the Pacific, once a strip of blazing beach, fringed with coco palms and backed by salt marshes, has been peeled, and with the aid of the artesian wells—blazing in these islands where much of the water is possessed by rank vegetation—has become a healthful resort. Scores of handsome residences surround the suburbs—residences more elegant than any ever before known in Honolulu. The business blocks in town are replaced by substantial brick edifices, which, though very comfortable, do not compare, with their old fronts and whitish windows, to the character of the architecture of these recent structures; the new Palace, for instance, not yet completed, looks much like a first-class hotel in a thriving American town. There is nothing distinctive about it. If it is to be classified at all, I would say it belonged to the nondescript American order of architecture. Yet it has already cost money enough to have built a sumptuous bungalow suitable to the climate and the surroundings, which would have been not only a delight to the eye, but eminently luxurious and far more appropriate. In the old days every one drove his carriage, or booted it from necessity. There were carriages for hire, but it was not easy to get at them; far easier to walk at eve. Now the town is thronged with two-seated conveyances called express that patrol the streets day and evening, and stand upon allotted ground and patiently await customs. The fares are reasonable enough: 12¢ cents from the steamer to the hotel; 25 cents within the mile limit; 50 cents beyond the mile limit for each passenger. This new speculation is found so profitable that in many cases the horse and carriage are for themselves in three or four months; but the horses have been issued in excess, and the Chinese, who affect horsemanship in this country, though they are not likely to bewitch the world in consequence are seduced into bargaining, and sooner or later they may monopolize the business.

In the old days the little propeller Kilanae followed between the islands of the group, tickled her ribs on the reef at intervals, but miraculously held together in the tumultuous seas, until she was disposed by a fleet of eight tight little steamers, more seaworthy and more regular in their habits. Those busy hours have secured the inter-island travel, and are almost always crowded. I remember when we used to make a choice of schooners, and in those days there was a choice, for some were a great deal worse than others. Then voyages were a battle with wind and tide. It is only seven or eight hours by steam to Lahaina on the island of Maui; I was once three days in accomplishing that cruise. The sail boats themselves into reefs, and the wind was so strong that it seemed necessary to adopt a general policy as to the construction of its Calm that extend of the consideration of Judge Matthews so sacred an official act as the appointment of Justice of the Supreme Court; for the changes made in the Constitution of the State, and the various bills introduced into the Legislature, were not only weakness—it implies corruption."

You don't believe, then, that it was a friend of the late President who was the author of *The Herald* letter?"

"No, sir; I do not—no friend of General Garfield, would say him, or betray his confidences, and I don't know who is responsible for that letter."

"I don't know who is responsible for that letter."

"That is the letter."

"Have you any documents relating to the occasion of General Garfield's writing that letter?"

"Not at all. Wisconsin people were anxious that General Blaine should have an appointment. Garfield had tendered him the mission to Grinnell, and General Williamson resigned. I telephoned to the President asking him if he could not make General Blaine Commissioner of Public Lands. He replied at once, and the next day General Blaine was appointed. And Mr. Matthews, I may add, had not even seen a copy of the letter to General Blaine, as far as I am concerned, though personal and professional qualifications were concerned there was no man in the country he would rather have for Attorney General."

"It is not true that it seemed necessary to adopt a general policy as to the construction of its Calm that extend of the consideration of Judge Matthews so sacred an official act as the appointment of Justice of the Supreme Court; for the changes made in the Constitution of the State, and the various bills introduced into the Legislature, were not only weakness—it implies corruption."

"You were at Albany, then, were you not, Mr. Nichol?"

"Yes, sir; I was in New York when I received that letter. I never thought of it as anything but an unimportant letter."

"How do you account for writing the letter?"

"Not at all. Wisconsin people were anxious that General Blaine should have an appointment. Garfield had tendered him the mission to Grinnell, and General Williamson resigned. I telephoned to the President asking him if he could not make General Blaine Commissioner of Public Lands. He replied at once, and the next day General Blaine was appointed. And Mr. Matthews, I may add, had not even seen a copy of the letter to General Blaine, as far as I am concerned, though personal and professional qualifications were concerned there was no man in the country he would rather have for Attorney General."

"It is not true that it seemed necessary to adopt a general policy as to the construction of its Calm that extend of the consideration of Judge Matthews so sacred an official act as the appointment of Justice of the Supreme Court; for the changes made in the Constitution of the State, and the various bills introduced into the Legislature, were not only weakness—it implies corruption."

"That is the letter."

</